

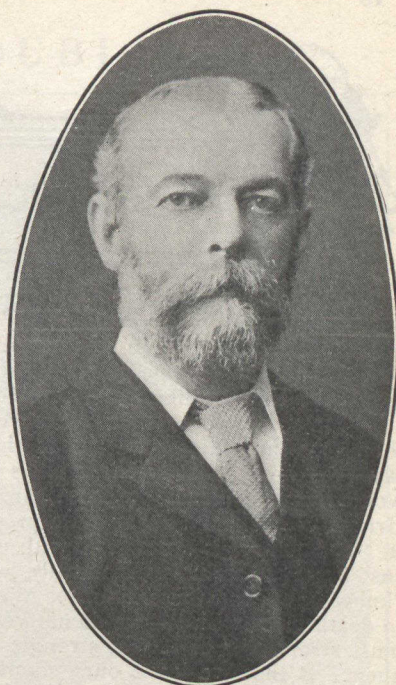
THE CHATEAUGUAY WINNER.  
Mr. James Morris, Farmer and Tombstone-builder of St. Jean du Chrysotome, Conservative.



SMILING AS USUAL.  
At the Chateauguay Nomination Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux Gave Cordial Support to Mr. Fisher.



AN ELOQUENT YOUNG MAN.  
Albert Sevigny, M.P., Speaking for Mr. Morris, Might Almost Have Been Taken for a Youthful Laurier.



ONCE MORE OUT OF A SEAT.  
Hon. Sydney Fisher, Ex-Minister of Agriculture and Model Farmer From County Brome, Liberal.

## The Battle of Chateauguay

*Liberal Seat of Fifty Years, Won by James Morris, Conservative, with a Turnover of Nearly 200 Votes, and the Heaviest Polling on Record*  
*The Battle of the Ballots in Chateauguay is Being Made a National Issue*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WINNING the Chateauguay election was never in doubt for a moment—in the minds of party workers. The real partisan always has the advantage of faith, that makes "dope" easy. The old county of the Chateauguay river was never so well known as it has been lately. And it has been the scene of a very lively campaign. Mud, many speeches, both French and English, mild jokes about Morris and jibes at Hon. Sydney Fisher, miles and miles of long, wabbling drives through a fat country of cattle and sheep and corn; now it's like the battle of Chateauguay a hundred years ago—all over.

Did either of the candidates mention the battle of Chateauguay? Probably they had forgotten that it ever took place, or why it was fought and by whom, or what the Yankees wanted in that part of North America anyway. Just as the Tory Conservatives at Ottawa have been accused of always wondering what in Sam Hill these ungodly Grits want to be winning elections for, when it's generally understood that a Tory once in is supposed to be in until death; in fact, why shouldn't a seat in the House of Commons be like a peerage, hereditary?

Anyway, there was a very large lot of talk made by both sides in the Chateauguay contest that had nothing much to do with Chateauguay. Most of it was national—that is, party-political. Chateauguay was regarded as a test election. James Morris, farmer and gravestone builder, was regarded as a very good son of the soil to win an election on local merits, without much reference to his personal qualifications. Probably there never was fashioned a more honest, sincere candidate than James Morris. He is a very good representative of the Scotch and English element in that part of Quebec, and there are some odd friendly mixtures along the border. He speaks French well enough to be understood; English not quite well enough to be particularly impressive. But he means straight business, does James Morris, and his citizenship in Chateauguay will not be altered much by reason of the election last Saturday.

ONE always rather hoped Morris would win, unless he happened to be an irreclaimable Grit. The man who pushes up from the farm into the forum, who has the courage to be at the same time honest, simple and bold, knowing that Nature never cut him out for a speaker or a politician, deserves the reward of his labours. Morris has never seemed like a man who inordinately desired office. His personality, as one correspondent remarked on the eve of the election, was never considered; neither Mr. Fisher's, who also, according to the scribe, hadn't any.

Both candidates were chosen because they would do for the kind of election Chateauguay happened to be. Each was expected to be fairly amenable to the operations of the elective machinery. Neither was supposed to have any particular sensibilities. There was no occasion for much personal animosity. And the two candidates set a very amiable example of good fellowship by holding joint meetings all over the county. At every meeting it was expected that Mr. Morris would remind the audience in two languages that he was a son of the soil and that Mr. Fisher was a stranger. Mr. Fisher was expected to make the invariable reply that he was no

stranger to Chateauguay, more than he was to Brome, where Harry Baker defeated him in 1911. Each was expected to make enough allusion to the navy to let the other speakers hammer it out. In fact, the impersonal and gentlemanly Mr. Fisher, and the impersonal, unsophisticated Mr. Morris, were trotted out by the parties for the express purpose of touching the button, as President Wilson did the other day blasting the ribs out of old Gamboa on the Panama. And when the candidate touched the button was the time for the batteries to get into action.

Forty some odd of a Liberal majority was not very much for the Liberals to keep; neither a very big heap for the Conservatives to win over. But it was quite enough of a line to hang most of the party washing on.

Certainly Chateauguay has never had so much excitement since the battle of Chateauguay a hundred years ago. The farmers of Chateauguay have never heard so many national issues discussed in all their lives. They never dreamed that one fat old county of cattle and sheep and corn could be of such tremendous interest in winning an election. The chances are that about two-thirds of the voters now don't quite realize how it came to be so important. All most of them wanted was that Chateauguay should get a good representative in Parliament, whether he was Liberal or Conservative. Probably some of them took a mild interest in the navy question so loquaciously discussed by the chief speakers. Very likely more of them took a much keener interest in the matter of reciprocity with the consumers and producers right over the border.

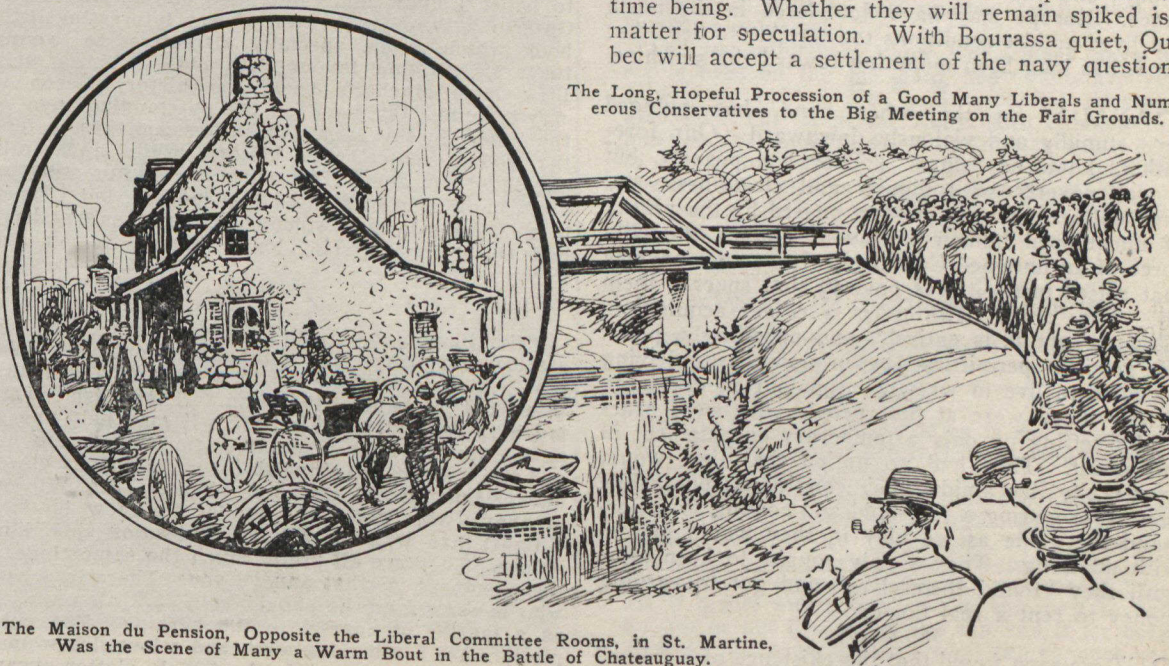
But as to whether the Conservative or the Liberal party mean more to Canada at large was not so much the concern of the average Chateauguay elector. If by this time the voters down there don't

understand the science of government it's no fault of the speakers. Never again, perhaps, will Chateauguay have such a chance. Next fall the farmers may shuck the corn and dig the potatoes and remember that in October, 1913, a hundred years after the battle of Chateauguay, they had the chance of a lifetime to become posted on national politics when all the rest of Canada was reading in the newspapers about Chateauguay. They will remember that some very brilliant and amiable speakers ploughed through the mud to be on hand at the joint meetings. They will recall the eloquence and the wit of Albert Sevigny, the young Conservative Laurier; the urbane and polished arguments of Rodolphe Lemieux; the caustic remarks of Harry Baker, the member for Brome; the mirthless gentility of Mr. Fisher, and the honest efforts of James Morris to get along without reading his notes. And they will remember that it was a good thing for the farmers that such a spell of fine open weather happened along in October, so that when they knocked off work to drive to the meetings they had a chance to catch up on the fall ploughing and the corn husking when the election was over.

AND they are husking corn and booting after the ploughs this week as good Canadian citizens should. The interests of Chateauguay are all right. Mr. Morris said he would see that they got better roads and didn't get gerrymandered off the map. Mr. Fisher said he would do the same. Mr. Fisher won't need to bother now. The fate of Chateauguay is in the hands of Mr. Morris, whatever becomes of the navy and the rest of the problems that made such a grist of long speeches.

And what of the rest of Canada? What will be the effect of this somersault by Chateauguay? Will it encourage the Conservatives and discourage the Liberals? Perhaps. One thing it will accomplish—the Conservatives will be less afraid of the success of a navy policy in the constituencies of Quebec. The guns of Bourassa are spiked for the time being. Whether they will remain spiked is a matter for speculation. With Bourassa quiet, Quebec will accept a settlement of the navy question.

The Long, Hopeful Procession of a Good Many Liberals and Numerous Conservatives to the Big Meeting on the Fair Grounds.



The Maison du Pension, Opposite the Liberal Committee Rooms, in St. Martine, Was the Scene of Many a Warm Bout in the Battle of Chateauguay.